

The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V

SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, 1910.

No. 10

Note and Comment

Mr. Sifton announced his cabinet on Wednesday. No one is more in the habit of keeping his own counsel than the new premier, but the final slate was quite in accord with the forecasts of some days before. That the work of reconstruction is not yet finished is evident, the appointment of two other ministers at a later date being mentioned as a probability. Mr. Sifton takes over the portfolios of minister of public works and of provincial treasurer. Both of these he held in the old territorial government, so that he will feel right at home from the start. Mr. Mitchell, late district judge at Calgary, and formerly a leading barrister of Medicine Hat, in which constituency he will be a candidate. Mr. Finlay's ill-health requiring him to resign, becomes Attorney General and Minister of Education. These are both heavy departments and it would not be at all surprising if in the rearrangement that is to come later he would be relieved of one of them. Mr. Mitchell is a man who stands high in the estimation of those who have had to deal with him both in connection with the practice of his profession and on the Bench. Mr. Sifton is a keen judge of men and there is little probability that he has made any mistake in calling in Mr. Mitchell. Mr. McLean, though in the House already, is more of a stranger than Mr. Mitchell to the bulk of the people of the province. But in Lethbridge district, where he has lived for many years and has large interests, he stands high in the estimation of the public and while there will be nothing of the showy politician about him he may be depended upon, if all reports speak true, to enhance the reputation of the cabinet for practical good sense. Mr. Marshall retains the portfolio of agriculture. He had had a training which was bound to stand him in good stead in connection with the duties of this office and he has applied himself to these with an energy and an evident desire to advance the great interests entrusted to his charge, which have won for him golden opinions wherever he has gone. There was a disposition, at the time of his appointment, on the part of many farmers to regard him as a mere professional politician, with no qualifications for dealing with problems affecting their interests. He had not been long in office before he thoroughly disabused their minds of this idea and his retention by the new Premier is a good move from every standpoint.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, on returning to Winnipeg, reiterated that it was his intention to lead an exploring party into the country north of Edmonton, mentioning that eight scientists of distinction, including Mawson, the archaeologist, and assayer of the Bank of England, would accompany him. More extensive information in respect to this great hinterland of ours is already available, through the reports of officers of the department of the Interior and others, than most people realize, much more than is sufficient, it appears to the Saturday News, to warrant public aid of a generous character to railway enterprises which will open it up. But Sir Ernest will unquestionably be able to add to this very materially, while the mere fact that his name is connected with the expedition will serve to bring the claims of the great territory he is investigating very forcibly to the attention of the world at large. There is every reason to believe that his enthusiasm in connection with Canada's future and his expressed desire to link his fortunes with the country are genuine. If he does become a Canadian, he should prove no small national asset.

A suggestion has been made to the Saturday News that the railways should be urged to put on their cheap rate excursions in the summer time instead of the winter. To the majority of townspeople the change would be welcome. They are usually too busy in the winter to go away for any time. The trip in the summer months is very much pleasanter. Three or four days spent in stuffy cars, with the temperature eighty or ninety above inside and twenty or thirty below outside, isn't apt to have a good effect on a person's health or temper, and then there is always the chance that a snow blockade will prolong the trip to a week. From the company's standpoint, the change should be an advantage, in that the expense of carrying heavily loaded trains is greater in the winter. On the other hand, there is, of course the very important fact to

consider that the bulk of westerners do not live in the towns and that the farmers must do their travelling in the winter. Why not leave the Christmas excursions and provide others at midsummer for the benefit of those who cannot get away at any other time of the year?

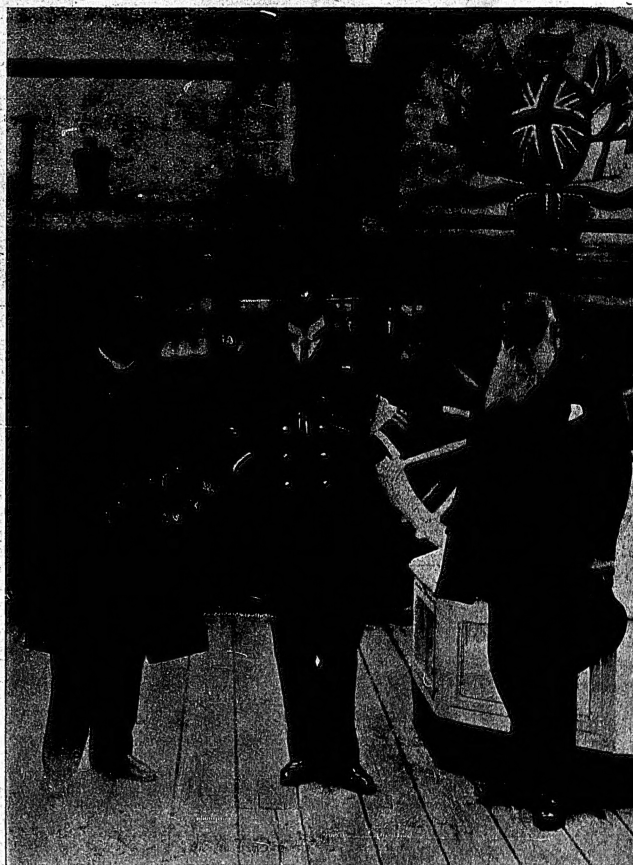
In South Africa they have been up against the problem which causes so much trouble to every newly formed state, and with which we are very familiar in Alberta, that of reconciling sectional claims in connection with governmental arrangements. In this country we have not been disposed to temporize. When a capital had to be chosen, we went ahead and selected it and gave it all the advantages which must accrue from the choice. The bitterness engendered by the struggle soon passed off. In the new confederacy, however,

Africa serve to recall Kipling's splendid poem, written when the war came to a conclusion. It has had a speedy fulfilment, but the most surprising fact is that the man who penned it should have so violently opposed the policy which has brought the new confederacy, under the premiership of the former Boer general, into being. Part of it runs:

Here, where the senseless bullet fell
And the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well
Against the heat and the thirst.

Here in a large and sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand,
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach.

Canada's First Naval Commander.



Commander William Balfour Macdonald, R. N., son of Senator Macdonald of Victoria, B. C., who has been appointed to the Niobe, Canada's first warship. It was announced this week that Earl Grey will return to Canada, from the brief visit which he is to make to Great Britain, shortly, on board the Niobe. The above picture of Commander Macdonald was taken when he was showing two friends over Nelson's flagship, the Victory, in Portsmouth harbor.

a very remarkable arrangement has been made. The government offices are placed in Pretoria, the parliament is to sit in Cape Town and the courts of justice are to have their headquarters in Bloemfontein. When it is remembered that these cities are many hundred miles apart, the awkwardness of the compromise becomes apparent. How can the ministers attend to their duties properly while the House is sitting in Cape Town and all their subordinate officials are off in Pretoria. The Canadian system may provoke an interchange of compliments between the newspapers of rival cities for a few years, but no more serious harm is done and the convenience of the people at large is served.

The inspiring events of the past few days in South

And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.

Frost and murrain and floods let loose
Shall launch us side by side
In the holy wars that have no truce
'Twixt seed and harvest tide.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife
From the far and fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn shall cover our evil dreams,
And the young corn our hate.

Another forecast, which is well worth while recalling at the present moment was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier when the war was at its height. Speaking in the House of Commons he said:

"I pledge my reputation and my name as a British subject that if they have lost their independence they have not lost their freedom. There is but one future for South Africa, and that is a grand confederation on the pattern of the Canadian confederation. It is a federation in which Cape Colony, and Natal, and the Orange Free States, and the Transvaal, and Rhodesia shall be united together, under the British flag and under the sovereignty of England. And, when they have the British flag over South Africa, they have that which has been found everywhere, during the last sixty years, under the British flag; liberty for all; equality for all; justice and civil rights for English and Dutch alike."

There are few men who understand or interpret better than Sir Wilfrid the spirit which has made Great Britain the world power it is.

A despatch from Washington goes into much detail regarding the work done on the Panama Canal. It is ahead of schedule at present and hope is held out that everything will be ready for the first ship to pass through some time in 1914. This is news of first importance to Alberta. With the opening of the canal and the completion of the G. T. P. and C. N. R. through to the coast, with the easy grades that the routes which they have chosen will give, this province, which for so long has suffered from the tremendous journey which the products must take over almost the whole width of the continent before reaching Atlantic tide-water, will be in closer touch with the markets of Europe than either Manitoba or Saskatchewan. Nothing short of an economic revolution is involved. But it is not only increased trade with Europe that will come to us from the improvement of our means of communication with the Pacific. The Orient is becoming a much more valuable market each year and the great development that is going on through South America must not be overlooked.

Those who have travelled over the New York Central from Albany to New York at the rate of a little less than a mile a minute for the entire distance, will appreciate just what Glen H. Curtiss's aeroplane flight between those cities means. The 137 miles he did in 152 minutes. So well had he his machine in control that he landed at exactly the three points designated in his programme, at Poughkeepsie, at the Harlem river and at Governor's Island. Moreover, he had a strong and shifting wind to contend with. His feat is by all odds the most remarkable in the history of aviation, a new chapter of great significance in which is being enacted almost every month. Even as this is being written, word comes of the wonderful cross-channel flight of Hon. C. S. Rolls. Less than a year ago Bleriot managed to get across from Calais to Dover, but it was recognized that it was only exceptionally favorable conditions which allowed him to do so. He was largely at the mercy of the elements. Now Rolls goes over and back without a stop in ninety minutes. There is little doubt, in view of the tremendous strides being made that the air is about to become as much of a highway as the land or the sea.

Mr. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State in the United States, declared in a recent address that wars are not always either necessary or inevitable. He illustrated his argument by a reference to the foreign wars in which the United States has been engaged. The war of 1812, he declared, was entered into against the better judgment of the country. This is the opinion of competent historians. England, unfortunately, furnished an excuse; but there would have been no war were it not for the fact that there was a party of hotheads in the United States looking for an excuse.

Mr. Foster pointed out that in the judgment of history the war against Mexico was provoked by the United States and was largely inspired by the spirit of slavery. It was vigorously opposed by many of the better elements of the country.

Finally the war against Spain, according to Mr. Foster, had some of the characteristics of that of 1812. Public opinion, so-called, was deliberately manufactured by an excited and irresponsible press, and the ill-timed disaster to the Maine furnished at once

(Continued on page eight)

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A SONG OF RIVERS.
Lights upon the yellow Tiber are too beautiful to tell. But the ancient poets praised them, and dead Emperors loved them well.

Dim Cathedral lights at evening flash from all the hills of Rome. He's a stately river, Tiber. There's a better stream at home.

Fierce by vineyards and by castles, in a fury flows the Rhine. And he sets the blood-pulsing like a draught of gallant wine. Loud his road through quiet cities in a rage he seeks the sea. And the peasants mourn his plunder. There's a finer stream for me.

Still the Douro makes a music that it made for Movers in Spain. Of the wind in highland valleys, and the wrath of winter rain; Must fit for knights in armor, when the valiant trumpets call. But I yearn to hear the murmur of an English waterfall.

There's a torrent in Albania, where the faint red garnets glow. Through the feet of waters, like the ghosts of blood shed long ago. Women wail by those sad waters for the sorrows that are there. And the oak trees mourn forever over drooping maidenhair.

O the moonlit Seine is silver, and I know not what she sings. But her song is surely haunted by the sweep of white swans' wings. Like a sword she cleaves the night, and carries memories to the sea. Frosted gowns, and 'tobles courting, and a great King's revelry.

There are streams that are not waters. The Italian fishers know. How the dolphins thread with silver tracks the wistful afterglow. Glades that cut a tangled forest, tides that sever seas asleep. Or it's loved they are by cavaliers and the sailors of the deep.

There's a pathway to the sunset shines across a sea I love. There's a Milky Way of Heaven that the angels fondly love. There's a pageant on the wheatfield when the shadows hung aside. Morning lights a lane of poppies in a narrow scarlet tide.

By old sluices, weirs and channels, and deserted torrent ways. By processions and their incense, like a scented summer haze. By the lovely lakes of lilies, where the fairy woodlands are. By the lights that rend the heaven at the falling of a star.

By the Bosphorus and Jordan, by all Pagan streams and Frank. By the dog-rose and the myrtle, and the wild flowers on the bank. By the Spring song of the rivers when their life is treasured snow. By the waterfalls of all the world, my stream's the best I know.

You shall one day see my river where the pines and willows meet. Find a shallow filled with sunlight, let it sparkle round your feet. When I watch your face reflected in the stillness of a pool, I shall call my river still more dear. O you must know that's beautiful. —Ben Kendim

I hinted last week at a spicy little tale I had heard regarding the pace some of the women of Edmonton are supposed to be travelling. Wine, men and cigarettes was the burden of it, with occasionally something stronger in the way of drinkables.

The bearer of the good tidings to Calgary was a woman who had been entertained by some people during the recent session of the Legislature. The particular incident she had reference to was a supper party—so terrible, that "she didn't dare confess to her husband how bad it was until several days after."

There is an old ring to this story, echoes of shocking rumours from summer resorts, of New Year parties, etc., etc., etc., immediately come to mind. Now, just how much is there in half these yarns? Let us face facts.

It is a commonly accepted truth that in every community there is always a certain little coterie who rather pride themselves on being—what shall we call it? Up-to-date, bizarre, original if you like it better. Their special claims to distinction are doing the things that the majority of women are afraid or don't care to do. Smoking, drinking and telling risqué stories.

Every woman I suppose has the right to decide for herself whether or no she shall do these things. Time was when for her to be seen smoking a cigarette would have meant social eclipse for almost any woman. In these days, however, things are different. A great many very charming women now puff a cigarette after dinner, and protest that they enjoy them immensely. So far so good. It is not the act so much as the circumstances under which the smoking is done, and the character of the people who do this thing, that makes for so much talk.

Smoking on the part of most women is an act of bravado. They rather enjoy shocking the people they are before; want to be thought a good sport, and like to tell about it afterwards. There is where the cheap sport element creeps in, and rather discredits the person who is foolish enough to confess to it.

There is a time and a place, they say, for all things, and always a girl to take advantage of both. The time and the place for a woman to smoke,

then, I should imagine, is among contented friends who don't disapprove of the habit, or in her own house, where she is not offending others by doing so. To smoke and let it rest there, saying no more about it. Then it remains her business—no one else's. But to go to a party, where a hostess is known to object to that sort of thing, and join the men in the smoking room; to take out her cigarettes; and an afternoon bridge where the other players do not indulge, and puff away during play; to make a practice of joining young men in the act—well, there you see, you get your scandal—and I think, rather deserve it. I have no patience with a tactless woman.

With regard to the second matter, there are wheels within wheels, on just plain common sense grounds, the should deter any woman from trifling with the habit. Her children, her home, its effects, her own character. One need not pause to call attention to the large number of young girls, who, after having gone to the devil through the medium of intoxicating drink. The thing is not a glass of wine myself; not much but a little bit. The thing, however, is no temptation, because I like to keep my own wits about me, thanks. But if I were a drinking woman, well, I should be a bit careful in whose company I drank, also how much.

The world is a critical world, glad mostly to believe the worst of a man or woman. Some things again such as cigarettes and intoxicants, lend themselves very readily to misinterpretation. A woman known to be given to wine and foolishness, so easily acquires a reputation for worse things than I don't think the game is worth the scandal.

In Edmonton, which I imagine I know as thoroughly as the visitor who so traduced us, these things are not common. Indeed, I know of no place with a higher standard, in most respects, for its social life. I have heard occasionally of some episodes that it wouldn't do to run in social notes, but these things, and these people are not the best type of Edmonton citizens, or of Edmonton society.

I never attend a social gathering but it is brought home to me what a splendid lot of women, gentlemen, there are in this young Western city. Surely one need never lack congenial friends. So that those who elect to strike out on original lines are the few exceptions who prove the rule that we are generally sensitive, mostly gentle, but not so good that we won't smile a little smile at hearing ourselves painted so blackly. Let us hope, devoutly hope, that Mrs. Blank will choose different friends when she next visits us, for I confess to most of us, the people she referred to are quite utterly, utter strangers.

One hears a great many foolish remarks "on the street," and occasionally some very wise ones. Someone, for instance, asked me last week if I didn't think the judges composing the Royal Commission in great luck, sixty dollars a day and expenses, and these people are not the best type of Edmonton citizens, or of Edmonton society.

It sounds well—but they don't happen to get it. Royal Commissions, I am given to understand, are very high and mighty things. So far above the common level that one would not mention the word "salary" in connection with them. A judge sitting on a Royal Commission is tendered an honorarium. Some large lump sum not beneath his dignity to accept. Doctors at one time also spurned the word "salary" or "pay." They set themselves above the common herd. Lawyers have, I think, on the contrary, always been just one of us, ready and amenable to sending in bills.

But physicians fell on evil days, more often they got the honor there

was in the case, and none of the fifty sort of put up to them to deal generously, under the honorable circumstances, erred on the honorarium part of it, until the doctors decided that someone else could have the glory, and they would serve their accomplishments and physicians at so much per.

Now, as we know, every bottle and visit is carefully measured out in dollars and cents. Appendicitis, etc., etc. comes at so much per, and wine mea at so much per. And the doctors, stuck and stuck to common colds and catarrh tea.

Only the judges sit above the salt, put on the grand air, and maintain the awe and majesty of leaving such affairs to the honor of the people.

Another interesting personality at the recent sittings of the Royal Commission was perhaps the youngest lawyer engaged in the case, Mr. Biggar, representing former Attorney-General Cross.

Mr. Biggar already enjoys a reputation in the West. For years past he has been prominently before the public as one of the leading counsel of the Bar. In addition, doing practically all the court work of his own office, and attracting wide attention by the carefulness of his methods, the soundness and brilliancy of his reasoning, and his ability to size up and summarize a case.

He is a prodigious worker, every case he has been identified with showing the most careful and exact preparation. So young in years, he has a profound grasp of the law, and has his authorities and procedures at his fingers' ends. In criminal work he has shown great promise, his conduct of the King murder trial attracting very wide notice.

Years ago I heard that Mr. Biggar was a bit impatient of stupid witnesses, but during the past few weeks we have had ample evidence that what of that was natural to him, has become buried in the all-wise, courteous and dignified lawyer. That the fine brain with which nature has endowed him has not made him inattentive in judgment, and that he is too big a man to exploit his nimbleness of wit. Everybody looks for big things from Mr. Biggar, and a leading counsellor at the Commission assured me that he today enjoys a reputation in the three provinces second to no man, which is a fairly large order, too, isn't it?

The precise, and not-to-be-misunderstood nature of his questions, his reasonable and logical deductions, and the whole-hearted interest he puts into his work, are three characteristics that come to my mind as I write of him. Those who knew how gamely he stuck to his work in the last days of the Commission, and who took his instructions, and in the face of great physical pain, recognize that in this very quality, his unsparring devotion to his work, lies to a great extent the secret of his success.

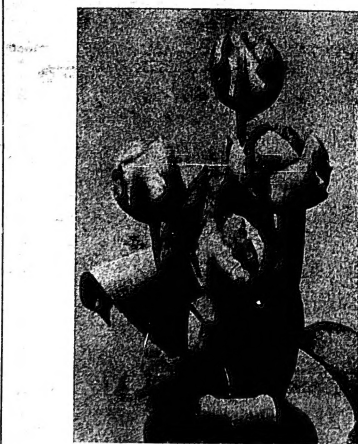
DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE.

Mr. Andrew Lang has recorded two true dream stories exactly like that of the forgotten ledger entry. In one a lady, having lost an important key while walking in a wood near her house in Ireland, dreamed that she saw it lying at the foot of a certain tree. Next day she found it there. She supposed her eye must have seen it after it dropped, though her conscious mind had not instantly noted it. Just the same was the theory of a barrister who went out late at night to post his letters, and upon undressing missed a cheque for a large amount received during the day. He dreamed he saw it curled around an area railing not far from his door. Woke up, dressed, went out and found it exactly as he had dreamed. The mind registers at times what it does not instantly report.—London Chronicle

An Awful Strain

Loafer—"I wish I had an easy job like yours, mate."

Sandwichman—"Easy! You dunno wot you're torkin' abt. Easy! Look at the strain it puts on a bloke's mind! If I leave off thinkin' for 'arf a mo' I gits the 'and pointin' the wrong way, then where do you reckon 'arf the population o' Lunnon 'd git? Easy!—Punch.



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The LOUNGER

This story is being told in the East
at present:

The annual convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was
being held in Detroit; but owing to
the pressure upon the accommodation
of the Detroit hotels many of the delegates
were compelled to cross the
river and take rooms at hotels in
Windsor.

Windsor, of course, was in mourning
for King Edward, and at this particular
hotel the display was very fine. A Wisconsin delegate, finding
himself in Windsor and having been
told that the mourning bunting displayed
was because of the King's death,
considered himself in great luck
and called the hotel clerk to one side,
when this conversation took place:

"So the King's dead?"
"Yes; that's what we are in mourning
for."

"I reckon there'd be a big push to see
the body?"
"Yes; immense crowds."

"Say, could you fix me for a pass to
Windsor Castle? I'd like to be
able to say, when I get back to old
Wisconsin, that I'd had a look at a
dead King."

And the hotel clerk perspired some
before he finished the delicate task of
making the delegate understand how
many thousands of miles he was out
in his geography, without giving any
unnecessary offence.

"As an illustration of tact, take the
following:

Mr. Porker came home very late
one night from an important
political meeting. In the hall he
kicked up rather a row, growling
himself till his wife called to him
from upstairs:

"What's the matter, my dear?"
"Matter—hic—is, Mr. Porker
shouted, that there are two hawks
here, and I dunno which one to hang
my hat on."

But you've got two hats, haven't you?"
said Mrs. Porker soothingly.
Hang one on each rack and come up
to bed. You're tired."

Two old settlers sat smoking in
their cabin far away in the backwoods.
No woman's hand had ever desecrated
that sanctum and grime reign-

ed supreme and triumphant. The conversation veered round from state politics to cooking.

"Yaas," said the elder of the two
with a drawl, "I did get one of them
there cook books, wunst, but I could
never do nothing with it."

"How was that?" inquired the other.
"What was the hitch?"

"Waal," was the answer, "every
one of them receipts begun in the
same way with the same words. Every
one o' em started off with 'take
a clean dish,' and I never got no fur-
ther."

Sir Ernest Shackleton, our recent
visitor, according to the New York
Sun, at the luncheon in his honor
given by the Pilgrims in New York
said of a piece of geographical ignorance,
"It was incredible. It reminded
me of a little waiting-maid. As she
brought me my tea and toast and
What a rainy morning, Mary! It's
almost like the flood." The flood, sir,
said the little maid. She looked at
me with a puzzled smile. Yes, said
I. The flood—Noah—you know—the
ark—Mount Ararat. She shook her
head and murmured apologetically, "I
ain't had no time to read the papers
recently, sir."

The Cincinnati Times-Star tells this
story of James J. Hill:

On one occasion, it is related that
the master of the Great Northern
Railroad called his son James to him
and handed him a cheque for \$150,
OOO. "You have been a good boy
and worked hard," said the old man.
"How about my brother Louis?"
asked James. "He has been as good
as I have, and worked as hard. Have
you another cheque for him, or shall
I split this?"

"Well, James Jupiter Hill gave the
grandest exhibition of aerial soaring
and oral bombarding the world ever
witnessed. He said that James Jr.
was trying to tell him how to dispose
of his fortune, was trying to get his
money away from him, was ungrate-
ful, unfaithful, and a good deal of a
job. In the middle of the oration
James Jr. shut the door behind him,
incidentally breaking all the glass out
of it. His private secretary re-
mained as an audience. When the
old man pulled up for lack of breath,
the secretary insinuated: "But it's
pretty nice to see one brother think
so much of another."

"That's so," said J. J. heartily.
"James is a good boy. Make out a
new cheque for Louis."

To Julia in Motoring Garb
(With apologies to Herrick)
When as to mule my Julia goes,
Ah, then, methinks, she sweetly
shows,
Much satisfaction in her clothes.

Ah, would some power the giftie gie
To Julia, so that she might see
How queer her togs appear to me!

A bulky coat envelops her—
A leather thing, lined through with
fur,
And pockets here and there occur.

A frightful-looking hood and cape,
Bound tightly with a drawing-tape,
Conceals her head's exquisite shape.

A chiffon veil, with mica pane,
Protects her from the wind and rain,
(It's lucky Julia isn't vain!)

Or, when it suits her, she will wear
A mask that gives me such a scare!
I think an ogre's standing there.

Oh, Fashion, prithee, send next year
Some style for women's motor gear,
That won't make Julia look so queer!

Carolyn Wells.

INCREASE IN AMERICAN LAND
VALUES.

As a result of speculation, land
values have increased from 100 to
1,000 per cent, in different parts of
the United States, says C. F. Spence
in Moody's Magazine. Acreage that was
unsalable ten or twelve years ago at
\$2 an acre is now commanding \$10
to \$15, and improved farm land has
gone from \$50 and \$100 an acre to
\$200 and \$350. Fruit lands are com-
manding as high as \$3,000 and \$4,000
an acre. The direct effect of land
speculation and inflated values of land

is emigration. This has assumed serious
proportions in the northwest.
Pioneers and settlers of five and ten
years ago have been driven across
the border into Canada to land still
reasonable in price and soil virgin
in richness. Last year 50,000 people
went over the line. They took an
average of \$1,000 with them. This
sum of \$50,000,000 subtracted from the
wealth of the United States on one
twelve months' period is significant.
Now emigration is even heavier than
in 1909. It is so great, in fact, that
it demands the services of special
agents to accommodate it. It is estimated
that 150,000 American farmers
will, this year, abandon the high-
priced lands of the Middle West and
Northwest for the reasonably-priced

acres of the Dominion. With produc-
tion of American staple products not
much in excess of home consumption,
and the margin decreasing, the loss
of this number of producers is of
great consequence to the United
States.

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The Servant (giving evidence on the morning following a burglary).
"Yes'm, and it sounded just as if someone 'ad been throwed downstairs
'savy; but thinkin' as 'ow I 'eard your voice, I says to myself, 'Oh, that's
only master,' and turned over to sleep."

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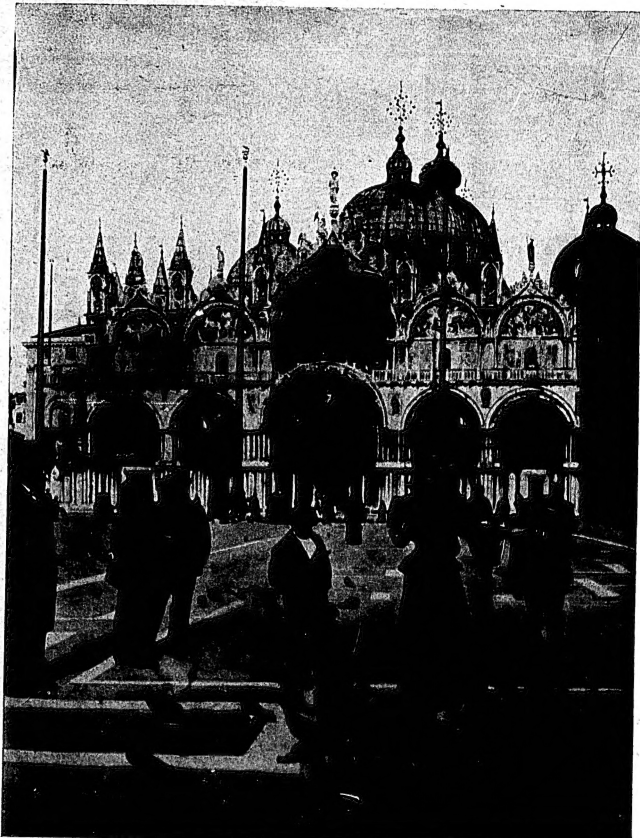
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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Here's Ho to the new Premier, and
a kindly thought the way of the old.
So they come and go! So we are here,
then away.

"Some little talk awhile,
of Me and Thee,
There was—and then no more of
Thee and Me."

might be written on most political and
other tombstones.

The former Chief Justice comes to
his new duties with the friendship
and well-wishes of a great number of
people. His reputation as an astute
judge, and as a singularly fair and
unselfish type of man should
stand him in good stead in this
present office. I think the new Premier
will walk, I imagine, with his eyes
well open. Not a man that will be
easily influenced; for the rather merry
dancing eyes, can look also very, very
coldly on occasion.

Well, the clean slate lies open before
him, fair name and fame, the romance
of the Alberta should spur him on
to do big things; here's his good health
and his Cabinet's, and may they all
live long and prosper.

Who is to be the next chief justice?
As I write, I have not heard, but it
isn't very hard guessing. If Mr. Justice
Scott, as popular a man as there is
in Edmonton, will come to occupy
the dignified position. "The Judge,"
as he has been to most of us for
years back, counts his friends and ad-
mirers by the hundreds. I go fur-
ther and declare we all love him. In
his person one seems to see summed
up the dignity and majesty of the British
law. I don't know whether it's
just the correct thing for a chief justice
to have quite such adorable dimples,
and quite so many admirers
among the fair sex, but doubtless his
high office will help him to support
these minor defects, and I know he
will have the very heartiest and sin-
cerest well-wishes of not only his own
home city, but of the entire province,
when his selection is made known.

The proposed golf luncheon set for
this Friday on the assumption that it
was to be a public holiday, has been
called off, and only the usual Saturday
tea with Mrs. Swaisland and Mrs.
Balmer Watt as hostesses, will take
place.

Miss Claire and Miss Anna Oliver
arrived on Monday on a visit to their
sister, Mrs. Bishop.
Miss Claire's marriage to Mr. Keefer
of Ottawa will take place in October,
and while it is said, be a very large
and smartly arranged event.

Mrs. Beck entertained at a small
matinee bridge on Thursday.

Miss Seton Thompson, who has
spent three years in Edmonton, leaves
early in July to reside at her old
home in Toronto.

Mrs. Beck will spend the month of
August with friends in Banff.

THE CROP OUTLOOK IN THE WEST

A. E. Boyle, western editorial rep-
resentative of the Toronto Globe,
writes under date of May 27:

The increase of 557,000 acres in the
area under wheat for this season, as
shown by the spring estimates of the
department of agriculture, is highly
satisfactory in view of the irregular
weather conditions which have pre-
vailed during the period of seeding.
The total area is placed at 4,642,000
acres, as compared with 4,085,000 last
year. The area under oats is estimated
at 2,103,000 acres, as compared with
2,240,000 last year, a decrease of 137-
000 acres. Estimates of the areas un-
der barley and flax have not been
completed, as the seeding of those
grains is still in progress. Last year
the barley acreage was 244,000, and
that of flax was 310,000.

Too Many Oats

The preliminary estimates of the
department are usually lower than the
final figures, and it is likely that the
areas seeded to wheat and oats
will be larger than the totals just
published would indicate. The de-
crease in the oats area is due to the
almost general decision of the farmers
to devote more attention to wheat,
flax and barley. The financial results
of the production of oats in 1909 have
not been altogether satisfactory, and
the growers are apparently deter-
mined to allow a proper balance to be re-
stored in the market before they re-
sume great activity in that connec-
tion. The total yield of that cereal in
the province last year was 105,465,000
bushels, and this was several million
bushels too large. The consuming
demand did not absorb it thoroughly,
and prices declined, especially after it
was found that the enquiry from east-

ern and foreign markets was smaller
than had been anticipated. The early
break-up of the winter also permitted
the farmers to give closer attention to
wheat than had been the case for
many years past, and part of the gain
in the acreage for that grain was scored
at the expense of the oats area.
Heavy supplies of oats on hand have
also militated against continued activity
in producing them. By the end of
the present season it is expected, mar-
ket conditions will have returned to a
normal basis, and the tillers of the soil
may find it profitable to make a
feature of oats for next season.

More Attention to Flax
Prices of barley and flax, especially
the latter, have been most satisfac-
tory throughout the shipping season,
and as there is a fair prospect of their
being maintained for some time to
come the farmers are naturally giving
these coarse grains more consideration
than they usually do. The officials
here look for a heavy increase in the
flax area for this year, and a moder-
ately large increase in that of barley.
The total acreage for the four grains
in the province is likely to be more
than 7,500,000, as compared with 6-
888,000 last year, and 5,875,000 in 1908.
It may run close to 8,000,000 when
the full returns are received in the
fall.

Seeding Was Unusually Early
There is no doubt about the grain
having gone into the ground early
enough this year. No less than 93
per cent. of the wheat area had been
sown by May 1st, indicating that the
drills had been used to good advan-
tage during the fine weather which
prevailed during April. Last year only
62 per cent. had been sown by May
10th. Over five per cent. was sown
in March this year. Seeding was gen-
eral on April 15th, as compared with
May 3rd a year ago, and an average
of April 20th for the past twelve se-
asons. Of the area sown to oats 45
per cent. had been seeded by May 1st,
while only eleven per cent. of the
total acreage had been covered by May
10th last year. Seeding of oats was
general by April 20th this year, as
compared with May 11th in 1909.

Weather is Sole Concern
An early start in the grain-grow-
ing business is a great advantage from
the theoretical point of view, and it
enables the crops to complete their
growth without any handicap in the
matter of time. But it is to be borne
in mind that early seeding is no guar-
antee of good yields or early harvest.
The weather which may prevail dur-
ing the growing time is the main con-
sideration and dates of seeding are
of secondary importance. The farmers
are gratified when they are enabled
to begin work on the land in March,
and they have a right to be. They are
enabled to give more careful attention
to their sowing, and to insure them-
selves that the seed-bed is in proper
condition. When the grain has been
planted well, and planted early, a
fairly large proportion of the trouble
has been passed, and the sole concern
from that time on is the state of the
atmosphere.

Alberta a Corner

Saskatchewan is easily the chief
among the grain-producing provinces
of the Dominion, and the figures of
acreage now available make it possible
to form an estimate of the probable
areas to be devoted to the various
cereals in the west this year. Esti-
mates are, in any event, approximate,
and they are subject to one or more
revisions during a season. The area
under wheat in the three provinces
in 1909, according to the financial re-
ports of the respective governments,
was 7,153,639 acres, and the total yield
was 144,457,799 bushels, an average of
about 20.2 bushels per acre. It is not
easy to reckon on what Manitoba and
Alberta may do this season. The former
has been going back steadily as a
grain-producing community. She lost
the lead to Saskatchewan two years
ago, and last season she fell far be-
hind. Alberta, on the other hand, has

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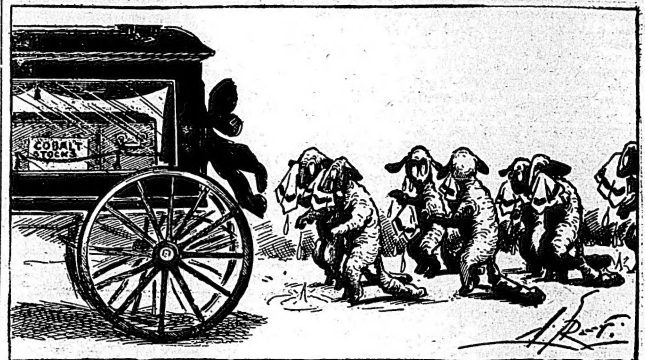
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—From Montreal Star.

made rapid progress. She has still a
long way to go before she can be
described as a competitor with this
province or with Manitoba, but her
advancement has been encouraging.
She may take second place in five
years if Manitoba does not "brace
up," or she may do it in less time
if the tide of immigration from the
south continues to flow into the sun-
ny province at its present rate.

Over 8,000,000 Acres in Wheat
The area under wheat in Manitoba
last year was 2,642,000 acres, a de-
crease of 200,000 acres as compared
with 1908. This decrease, it is hoped,
will be more than made up this
season, and there is some basis to believe
that the wheat acreage will be nearly
3,000,000. It was 2,620,000 in 1906,
and anyone who is familiar with the ten-
dency of agricultural development in
the west is surprised to note that the
wheat area in the older province di-
minished 500,000 acres in three years.
Alberta had 324,472 acres in spring
wheat last year and 102,167 acres in
winter wheat, a total of 426,639. For
this year the total is likely to be
over 550,000, in spite of the heavy
losses sustained through damage to
the winter wheat crop. With 4,642,000
acres in Saskatchewan, 3,000,000 in
Manitoba and 550,000 in Alberta, a
total wheat area of 8,192,000 acres, is
indicated. It is almost certain to be
over 8,000,000 acres.

A LITTLE AMBIGUOUS.

The new reporter on the Cent-
erville Times meant well, but he was
not always careful in the wording
of his sentences. When the father
of Mrs. James Bowles appeared at
his desk two days after the wedding,
the reporter knew from the irate mien
of his visitor that something had
gone wrong.

"You are responsible, in the ab-

sence of your chief, for this report of
my daughter's wedding," and Mr.
Cobb tapped a paragraph in the paper
published the night before.

"Yes, sir, and I thought it was a
mighty good send-off I gave them,"
said the reporter.

"You did, did you?" thundered Mr.
Cobb. "Well, perhaps you will be
kind enough to explain these words."
He pointed, and following the com-
pelling finger, the reporter read:

"The gift of the bridegroom to the
bride was a brooch of rubies and
diamonds, and there were many other
beautiful things in cut glass on
that table."

A MODERN SOLOMON.

Without detracting from Solomon's
reputation for wisdom, it may be said
that the judge in the following story,
which the Troy Times attributes to
Joseph H. Choate, displayed no less
shrewdness and ingenuity in the dis-
pensation of justice than the Hebrew
king himself.

The case occurred some forty
years ago. A workman claimed to
have lost the sight of his left eye
in an explosion, and there was no
doubt about the explosion, and there
was no doubt that the workman's
eye had been injured; but the physi-
cians claimed that he could see out
of it, while he stoutly declared that
the sight was utterly destroyed.

"The judge heard all the evidence
pro and con. Then, sending the
workman from the court-room, he
said:

"Get a blackboard and write a sen-
tence on it with green chalk. Also
get a pair of spectacles with ordinary
clear glass for the left eye and with
red glass for the right." This, in
the course of an hour or so, was
done. Then the workman was
brought back, and he was ordered to

put the queer glasses on. He put
them on, and the judge said to him:
"Turn the blackboard round and see
if you can read what is written."

The man read the sentence with-
out hesitation, whereupon the judge
said to him sternly:

"Your case is dismissed. You are
an impostor. You must have read
that sentence with your left eye; for
the red glass over the right one turned
the green writing black and made it
quite invisible on the blackboard."

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KING EDWARD AS FARMER

In an interesting article contributed to the London Chronicle, Prof. James Long recalls the late King Edward's partiality for farming and the beneficial influence he exerted in stock breeding and agriculture generally. "No prince in the history of the British monarchy," he observes, "has exhibited the same delight in agriculture as our own late and much beloved King." This inclination was observable in his youth, and so long ago as 1868, he first presided over the Royal Agricultural Society, a post he occupied on several other occasions, as Prince of Wales, and had again promised to fill as King, when the time once more came for the show to be held at Norwich, in the County of Norfolk, where through his Sandringham estate, he was one of the principal landowners.

This predilection for agricultural pursuits may have been derived from the example set by Queen Victoria, whose famous breeds of Shorthorns, Herefords and Devons won many trophies. Before her death, King Edward confined himself chiefly to West Highland cattle and Southdown sheep, but afterwards he continued to breed and exhibit the Windsor farm stock, and on one occasion at Smithfield, won the three great challenge cups for the best Devon, Hereford and West Highland, in addition to first prize for Shorthorn, Hereford and crossbred cattle, and the cup and two first prizes for Southdown sheep, with numerous lesser awards. King Edward was at home among farmers, and among no class was he more popular.

CONDITIONS IN ARIZONA

A letter from a well-known Detroit resident in Arizona to the Detroit News, affords a very graphic picture of the conditions that prevail in that state:

"This is a great country, and a great people. I like most the cattle ranches of the mountains. About a month ago a sad-faced young fellow came to my door to see if I'd let him have hay for his seven horses. I didn't have enough, but loaned all I could. He gave you your clothes away like a fellow man needs them. Later in the day another cowpuncher came along to see if I could let him have all the hay I had on condition that he would ride to town and have some sent back to me. Then I learned that these two men had brought 50 head of cattle from the mountains up Salt river valley, to save them from starvation, travelling as they could. The owner lay out two days nearly dead of pneumonia poisoning while another cowboy, who reached here in the night searched the trail for him to bring him in. The men were worth this, but the one thing that yanks your heart-strings is their utter devotion to their horses or stock—never a word of food for themselves.

"I got busy on the government telephone and at 8:30 that night a teamster brought out 30 bales of hay which the cattlemen proceeded to pack in instalments to the cattle in the hills. The cattle were so weak they could only travel a mile and a half a day and were seven miles up the trail. They rested here a day and then the outfit pulled on toward the pasture land. Cattle are dying on the ranges in the mountains. The season has been so dry there is little doing

in the feed line. Sheep, too, are passing out in thousands, one sheepman told me. These mountain men are great characters and next to them I like the Mexicans, who, if they like you, show it in a dog-like fidelity."

STARLAND

This has been an unusually good week at this popular theatre. The programmes have been varied and each one perfect in its special way. Western pictures have proved to be the greatest attraction for the public at large and the "Girls of the Range" and "An Indian Scout's Vengeance," both received much applause. Real Indians and bunch of good cowpunchers enacted the plays, the former being taken in the plains of Nebraska, the latter in the far north. The feats of horsemanship and shooting were such as would put an ordinary wild west show to the bushes. Of quite a different style was the biograph production "The Cloister's Touch." In this the theme is full of deep paths, which appears to our higher feelings. It is a story of religious solace, taken from the mediæval ages.

The coming of Harry Hahn, the well known opera singer, will cause a break in the monotony of the theatre-going world. Mr. Hahn has secured great success at the Walker Theatre and Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg, also on the Starland circuit. He is expected to make his first appearance in Edmonton on next Monday, June the 6th.

HE WANTED THE CREDIT. Freedom of the will is a doctrine which children can understand and appreciate. The little girl in this story from M.A.P. was not willing to have all her naughty ingenuity ascribed to supernatural sources.

"It was Satan," said a mother to one of her children, "who put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Perhaps it was," replied the little girl, "but kicking her shins was my own idea."

THROW AWAY ALL YOUR FEARS

BACKACHE, GRAVEL AND RHEUMATISM VANISH BEFORE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Proved Once Again in the Case of Mrs. Fred Krieger, Who Suffered From the Worst Forms of Kidney Disease

Palmer Rapids, Ont., May 30.—(Special).—The thousands of Canadians who live in daily terror of those terrible forms of Kidney Disease known as Backache, Gravel and Rheumatism will be deeply interested in the story of Mrs. Fred Krieger, of this city.

"I was for years a great sufferer from Kidney Disease, Gravel, Rheumatism and Backache," Mrs. Krieger states. "It all started through a cold, but I got so my head ached, I was nervous, my limbs were heavy, I had a dragging sensation across my loins and I was totally unfit to do anything."

"Reading about wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills led me to buy some. After using a few I found they were doing me good and this encouraged me to continue their use. Eight boxes made me well."

"I have been able to do my own work ever since and today I am completely cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me health and I feel like a new woman."

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IN DEFENCE OF HUSBANDS

Lady McLaren Explains What They Will Gain Through Adoption of her Charter.

Lady McLaren, the chief agitator for the women's charter, has written to the London Daily Chronicle, stating what she believes will be the gain to husbands from the laws included in the charter. She writes in part as follows:

"The introduction of the women's charter into the House of Commons has been followed by a suggestion that a Husbands' Defence Association should be started. I warmly approve the idea, and offer myself as the first member. I am, besides, prepared to prove my fitness for the position by showing that the charter has been framed, not only to benefit women, but to secure the happiness of husbands."

"I am convinced that many husbands do not get their just rights. Every man has a right to a healthy, capable, and sensible woman as his wife. She ought to be trained in all those domestic arts which she so urgently needs to study if she is to run a happy and successful home. Every man wants a wife who is never too overburdened to hook her frock straight and wear a clean collar, and laugh and flirt with her husband. Every man wants healthy, happy children—cunning little sons who hold to his finger and have plenty of spirit to face him—coquettish little girls who nestle in his arms. And more than this, he wants his children to live and to cheer him when he is old. He is giving his youth to work for them, and when youth is over he will need about him the loving hands and voices of those who remember with gratitude the time when he worked for them."

A Mother's Cares.

"Every husband who is not in actual want has a right to a happy home full of smiles and frolic and loving words. And he has a right to eat well-cooked, nourishing food every day of his life. If any husband is not now in the enjoyment of all these blessings, then I tell him that he does not have his rights, and it is to get him these rights that the women's charter has been written. He does not get his rights today because the young wives in this country are overburdened; they are strained and worried during the time when their children are little, and too much work is expected from them."

"A mother has many joys, but motherhood has one great drawback—the mother is never free from anxiety. With rich and poor alike, there is always anxiety. And maternal fear is like a little mouse gnawing constantly at the hearts of mothers. It is always, 'Oh, I do hope baby is not going to be ill,' and 'Whatever can have become of Tommy?' And if this is so in big houses, where there are nurses and governesses to help, what must be the anxiety in the house of a poor mother who has only one pair of hands, and can only be in one place at once, and who has to be cook, washwoman, and nurse all in one? Often she has to leave her little brood to play in the road, exposed to every passing danger. She must take

her hands out of the soap and water run to see if they are safe, leaving the washbasin to get cold and the pots to boil over.

"And it is not only anxiety mothers suffer from, but the reality of suffering is also theirs. Dr. Newman tells us that a quarter of the babies born die before they are five, and if you add to this all the children above that age that fail to reach maturity, and the thousands of children who are born with no record is kept, you see the terrible nature of this evil. It is sorrow that is breaking the spirit of so many of the women of this country, which extinguishes the light of their eyes; sorrow and overwork together. Were I in such a case I know I might easily become one of the failures, and in the vain effort to do too much, despair and discouragement might be mine."

"Standing at the washbasin dishevelled and untidy, worn and worried, with one grey-faded baby whining sure that I should be tempted to drown myself in that washbasin, unsavoury though such a death would be for me, and unpleasant as the incident would be for all around. I should have done it because I should have feared to fall lower, and to be tempted with the poison of drink shop round the corner—which men call spirits, but which means the death of the spirit. Everyone will agree that a home of this kind is one no husband wants. A tired woman is tiresome; a worried woman is maddening, and the prolonged companionship of a person who wants a rest cure is never gay. Home is no right place for washbasins, salt tears, angry words and babies' coffins, and there is absolutely no good reason why these things should be there."

Obligations of the State. The state owes to all men right conditions for the rearing of a family, and certain things are necessary which they do not get. In the first place, the wife, not being educated in such matters, needs a skilled woman, scientifically trained, to attend her when her children are born. That woman will teach her a fact she does not know, viz., that young babies cannot digest anything but milk, and further, that if a baby is not properly fed, no baby can be properly nourished. I tell the husbands of this country that no woman who is worried, overworked, underfed or unhappy can keep her baby healthy. It wants something she cannot give, and when she sees this and tries to supplement her own efforts she finds that suitable milk cannot be had. The Charter suggests that it shall be brought to her at reasonable cost. I tell every husband that his baby ought to look pinkish and not clubbed. I tell him that when he prods it with his finger it ought to smile, and coo, and stretch out its arms to welcome him. And if it does not he is not having his rights, and it is in order to give him his rights that I have drawn up the charter.

"The charter provides skilled attendance for every maternity case, and it provides that every mother shall have the right to demand milk at cost price. This nation is a wealthy nation, and does not need to make big fortunes by excessive profits on the necessary food of its infants. To lift the load of anxiety from the poor mother's heart there ought to be some safe place where she could put her child when she is sick, when she has shopping to do, or when she has to undergo the arduous work of washing. It is not possible for any one woman to look after more than two children properly, and that will take up all her time. And it is because a mother who has to cook and wash and shop cannot give continuous attention to several children of different ages that I declare creches to be necessary. Never let anyone say that I thought a creche could replace a mother. It is not to replace her, but to help her."

Eating Houses for the People. "But this is by no means all. There is the great food question, and I should like to express my sympathy with husbands who have their dinners always cooked by the same person, probably not a skilled person, and prepared on a kind of stove ill-adapted for good results. Women learn cooking from persons who do not know how to cook, just as they learn about free persons who do not understand how to manage babies. In the homes of the husbands of this

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country there are pots boiling, while all the flavor of the food is going up the chimney, and all the nourishing properties of the food are thrown away with the water. I can tell husbands that if they do not like their dinners they have not got their rights. Their wages are spent on food wastefully bought because in such small quantities, and often wastefully cooked for the same cause. You hear of the rich people in London leaving their luxurious homes and their French cooks and going to a smart restaurant for a change. 'Where,' I ask 'is the working man's restaurant?' Where is the place where he can get a good choice cheaper than he can get it at home? The German housekeeper is the best housekeeper in the world, and she has solemnly declared that in Berlin it does not pay to cook at home. In Berlin there are great eating-houses for the people where three or four cooks prepare dinners for hundreds of persons. They buy the best materials in great quantities; they cook with scientific heat, so as to keep every scrap of nourishment; they serve you; they wash up after you; and they save money on the process. If England cannot produce people to do this also, she deserves to perish from the roll of great nations."

"I should like to see every English husband say to his wife: 'Sweetheart, tonight you dress no food, you will dress yourself. You will brush your own hair. And tonight, if you do not mind, just for once, we won't take baby. We will let her sleep quietly at the crèche, and we won't take little Tommy, it will be better for him if he is not kept up quite so late. And we will go out together. And when I see you with your dress hooked straight, belted, and collared, and brushed, you will be as pretty as—and perhaps prettier than—any lady, and I shall be proud of you, and think myself happy to be your husband. And when we come home there will be nothing to wash up. And with all that we will save money.' Let us try to establish cheap eating houses for the people, such as you see in foreign cities. I believe that such institutions would be an untold blessing to the working people of this country, and would bring happiness to every cottage home."

"A kind Frenchman once said: 'There are no ugly women. There are only women who do not know how to be pretty.' And worry and trouble, overwork and anxiety—and not nature—are responsible for all these ugly women you see about. I look forward to the time when every working man's wife will be smart and gay; when she will have leisure to laugh and play with her children, to speak kind and loving words, and to show a heart at peace. Let us be done once and for all with this load of care, mismanagement and sorrow, by passing into law the Women's Charter."

SHOULD WIFE BE ON SALARY LIST?

(By Dr. Emil Reich)

I cannot understand the question of paying a salary to a wife at all, for, both in my opinion and from my personal experience, I consider the husband and wife are one and the same person, morally, financially and socially.

All the ages and all the social reforms and legislations have not destroyed the truth of what the Romans taught. Marriage, they said, was the communion of all things divine and human simply because it is, or ought to be, based on the most divine of all human things—love.

No Real Marriage. The proposition to pay the wife a salary rests evidently to a marriage that is from my point of view no real marriage. If there is any question of paying money as a sort of salary to any one, I should be inclined to pay a small sum out to each of the children to teach them the true value of money.

In any household where the husband and wife are not absolutely at one, there must be an end of all possible happiness, and where there arises a question of either paying salary to

the other there cannot be perfect confidence between them.

I do not, of course, refer to the very wealthy, who must come to some financial arrangements. I am speaking now of the average family, whose income may be \$1,000 and \$10,000 a year.

In the majority of these cases the wife has the handling of at least two-thirds of that amount, which must be devoted to the house rent and housekeeping expenses, and so on, especially if she be a woman who goes into her kitchen to superintend waiters, and does not consider that to do so will demean her in any way.

No Fixed Salary.

Two-thirds of the income being already spent, the rest will also be shared by the wife without any definite or fixed salary.

The whole question seems to me to resolve itself into a desire for social advancement on the part of the wife. No man could think of separating accounts and paying his wife a salary under an income of \$30,000. When a family has to live on an income of under \$10,000 a year every dollar has to be considered, and no separate accounts can be kept.

What I object to in the whole question is the absolute impossibility of comparing a wife and a housekeeper. A housekeeper is a servant for short or long period, according to how she carries out her duties and pleases her employer, her relationship to him being purely formal and legal. A wife has to live on the case of her duties she is liable to dismissal. He need not provide for her future in any way or suppose her if she become a chronic invalid.

A wife, on the other hand, can not be dismissed, however, unsatisfactory she may turn out to be both as a companion and a housekeeper. Her husband is morally bound to provide for her in illness and old age and after his death.

She is his wife, a relation of heart and religion, his equal in social standing, and is in a totally different position from that of a paid housekeeper. At least such is the case in all marriages which have been formed upon real affection.

Value of Wife.

Now, let us consider the question of salary. A wife ought to be paid according to the effort of the person and capacity for performing the work paid for. Our work is not work and another might not, or she might have less capacity for her work, or she might be constantly failing ill. Now, to give a capable woman the same salary as the incapable one would be very hard on the former.

It is rather doubtful whether any husband would acquiesce in the public question of salary for his wife. Short of public quotation, it is hard to see how the husband could arrive at any scale of value for his wife.

If there is sufficient wealth, the whole question can be avoided by making a marriage on the basis of a woman on a basis of her dowry. A woman with a dowry of \$50,000 might be worth \$500 a year in her own right, which would give her a monetary independence and avoid all the awkward problems of a salary for her services as housekeeper.

In a family with an income of any thing less than \$10,000 a year the idea is not feasible, and in the majority of cases such a suggestion as the receiving of a salary would be refused by a wife.

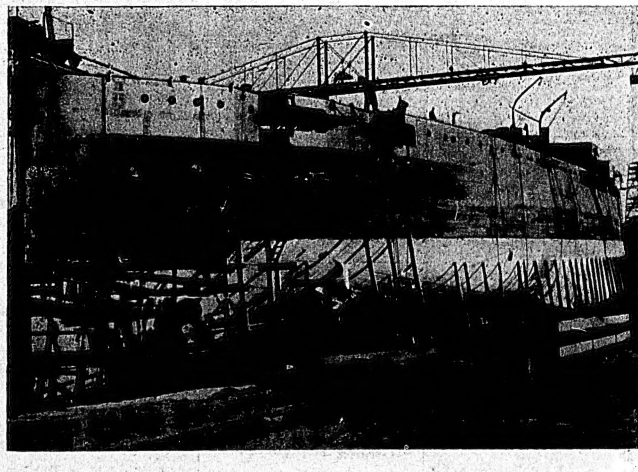
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THE KING'S MEETING WITH GAMBETTA

An intimate friend of King Edward, who is not named, has given the Paris "Temps" some exceedingly interesting reminiscences of the late Sovereign, says the London Daily Chronicle.

Speaking of the King's intense interest in politics he gives an amusing account of a meeting with Gambetta in 1881. Gambetta came to lunch daily dressed and unkempt but the conversation, which lasted until 6 in the evening, so interested the then Prince of Wales that he invited Gambetta to stay at Ascot in the following June. Political events, however, prevented the visit.

For certain French public men the King did not care, but he had a great esteem for M. Loubet, while M. Clemenceau pleased and amused him greatly. Referring to the King's influence in bringing about the French and Russian ententes, the "Temps" informant remarks:

"You can't believe how far back his desire to accomplish this dated. I remember when I was at Sandringham in 1888 or 1889 he was strongly advised Lord Randolph Churchill and myself to go to Russia. 'Go there,' he repeated insistently. 'There are between Great Britain, France and Russia misunderstandings which must disappear.' He made a point of himself giving us introductions to the Emperor Alexander, and inquired about all we saw and heard there with persistent preoccupation. That was the first of the personal contacts which prepared the ground for political action. A reign of less than ten years sufficed to realize his desire. He was very constitutional, but I am inclined to think that he was rather Liberal than Conservative."

"When he last passed through Paris he did not conceal the anxiety he felt that the hour was approaching when the two political parties would have recourse to his mediation, and he considered that not constitutional. Death saved him from making a disagreeable decision. In foreign affairs, on the other hand, he took initiatives which ministers approved afterwards. I remember his visit to Paris in 1903 which members of the cabinet strongly opposed. Lord Londonderry especially. The King did not listen to them, but went straight forward like a cuirassier in full charge."

"Another instance was the peace with the Transvaal, concluded soon after his accession. King Edward summed up his feelings on the subject to us in one word. 'The Boers,' he said, 'are gentlemen, and we should treat them as gentlemen.' He was, too, who, at the end of last year, in the same spirit, decided to send his son to South Africa."

THE OLD SETTLER'S YARN

"An so fer more'n an hour," says Uncle Jase, 'the settler's stub and twist little wife stood there an' chopped down wolves as they sprung into the winter an' the four-year-old youngster he drup 'em away an' staked 'em up ag'n' the cabin wall. He wanted to take the axe an' give his mammy a rest while he slashed wolves awile, an' he come dur'n nigh to breakin' down an' bellerin' when he found he wudn't tall enough to reach up an' give it to 'em."

"'It was gittin' along to'rd's daylight when suddenly they heard a gun crack a little ways from the cabin. "That's daddy," says the youngster, 'if he had only stayed a little longer,' says he, 'we'd 'a' had the hull caboodle of 'em cleaned out!' says he. "The rifle cracked ag'in. This comin' along of a man with a gun was somethin' the wolves hadn't calclated on," says Uncle Jase, an' what was left of 'em took to the woods. Then the cabin door flew open, an' in bustled the Pious Swamp pioneer. His stubby 'twist wife tumbled in his arms, an' the four-year-old cocked up his eye and says:

"'Well, daddy, you're a leetle late to have much of the fun,' says he, 'but ain't me mammy some on the wolf hunt?' says he. "It sartin did took that way," says Uncle Jase, 'fer they had 'twenty there was twenty-seven more stretch wolves corded up in the cabin, an' ed out on the snow, ev'ry one on 'em cluv to the brain,' says Jase. 'That stub an' twist little woman—'

"Evander got up 'most a chokin' an' he cut in on Uncle Jase an' hollers: "Jase, consarn 'your aggravatin' pictur!' Why don't you give her a name for as far as that, by hemlock!" "I don't dast to?" says Uncle Jase. "You git out, Evander," says he, grinnin'. "Why, her name was Betsy Ann," says he, 'bein' as she was my mammy!' says he.

"'Jason says I, jumpin' up and rassin' my cane over his head. 'Do you mean to set here an' say that this astoundin' four-year-old was—' "I mean to say," says he, an' how I ever kep' from jest about scalpin' him with one season of 'my cane in more'n I can say. 'I mean to say, Dan!," says he, 'that this amazin' four-year-old was mel' says he, 'Evander, says he, 'was you sayin' that this ten-year-old youngster o' yours'n was—' "Evander was bangin' outen the door, 'n' fearin' the consequences if I stayed there any longer, I went out, too, leavin' Uncle Jase grinnin' like a chessy cat an' defin' the lightning!"

—New York Sun.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The reports of the musical festival held last week at Saskatoon show that the musicians of Saskatchewan are more in the habit of thinking provincially than are those of Alberta. The sectional feeling which proves such a drawback in so many ways in this province has prevented the festival at Edmonton from being the representative affair that it should have been. On the other hand, the prize-winners at Saskatoon came from all parts of Saskatchewan. It is worth while publishing the list:

Choral societies—Prince Albert choral.

Grade A choirs—Knox Church choir, Regina.

Grade B choirs—Lloydminster Anglican choir, silver shield.

Orchestra—Saskatoon Symphony society.

Children's choruses—Saskatoon children's choir, under direction of Miss Hiley.

Male choruses—Saskatoon male chorus.

Soprano—Mrs. Elliott, Humboldt.

Mezzo soprano—Mrs. Albrechtson, of Prince Albert.

Contralto—Miss MacIntyre, Regina.

Baritone—B. W. Wallace, Prince Albert.

Tenor—W. T. Hayes, Regina.

Bass—J. M. Matthews, Saskatoon.

Senior piano—Miss Mayureta Baker, Saskatoon.

Girl's solo—Miss Sybell Merritt, Saskatoon.

Mixed quartette—Clef club quartette, Regina.

Male quartette—Regina male quartette, Regina.

Ladies' quartette—Prince Albert ladies' quartette.

Ladies' trio—Prince Albert ladies' trio.

Albert Archdeacon, the well-known English baritone, who has visited this part of Canada on several occasions, the last time with Madame Albani, is this to say of Canadian musicians in a recent issue of the Musical News:

"Very few years ago it would have been almost impossible to have written many lines on the subject of the music of the Empire, in so far as it deals with that part of our Empire which lies beyond the seas, but the giant work accomplished lately by a small number of devoted workers for the cause of music now makes the subject one upon which a facile pen could write at libitum. It will, however, be my endeavor only to say a little of what has come into my own personal experience, during my journeyings to and from, and within the larger homes of our Colonial brothers and sisters in art. Canada must take pride of place, not alone by reason of her vast territories, but as being nearer to the music centres of Europe and our own country, and having on her borders one of the most progressive nations in the world in art, as well as commerce, these two facts enabling the Canuck to have the inestimable advantage of being in constant touch with great musical events and musicians, thus drawing into the country a wealth of practical music that will go far to enlarge and elevate the knowledge and taste of their young people. Choral singing has made greater strides in Canada than orchestral music, but the latter is now making good headway in Toronto and Montreal, whilst in Ottawa there is a most excellent string orchestra. Toronto lays claim to, and possesses one of the finest choral organizations in the world, the Mendelssohn Choir, conducted by Dr. Vogt, whose self-denying work for the past few years in bringing this large body of voices to such a state of perfection, deserves the praise and gratitude of all lovers of the beauty of choral singing. There are also several other large choral bodies in the same city, notably those under the direction of the veteran, Dr. Torrington, and Dr. A. Ham, and with the difficulty of comparison with outside experienced choirs facing the conductors, it is astonishing how well the great choral works are given."

"Youth," said Dr. Wolf Hopper, the operatic comedian, who is again a success, the other day, "is eternal and internal. I have it. I shall always have it. I am fifty-two years old. I have a son who is about to be married, and I give my word, it requires all my social training and tact not to be deferential and say

'sir' to men only a year or two older than I am myself. I doubt if I shall ever get over feeling like a boy. I hope not."

This is pretty fair for a man who has been married seven times.

An actress, accustomed to playing in the open air, has this story to tell:

"I once rehearsed 'As You Like It' in a garden that was obviously very old. As my amateurs postured and chanted the bard's beautiful lines, bricklayers above us laid bricks, carpenters planed boards and masons chipped stones. One afternoon, after a silent pause in coverage rehearsal, we heard a voice from the building operation say gravely: "I prattle, malapert, pass me yonder brick."

Kirke La Shelle met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

La Shelle expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "Weing and I were just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked La Shelle.

"Many there!" cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"—Success Magazine.

Ballet dancing of the ancient style that delighted playgoers fifty years ago, is returning to vogue, and dancers will be features of many of the dramatic attractions next season. The revival began in the two opera houses in New York, with the work of such dancers as Iry Craske, Pavlova and Merdini.

Ballet dancing schools have sprung up all over the east and they are grinding out toe dancers for the coming season as rapidly as the young women can acquire any movements that look like toe dancing.

Girls, show girls—almost all of the stage girls who really want to be something extra—are planning to be dancing pupils daily.

In New York there are many classes that have as high as 100 dancing pupils daily.

Women expect to astonish the country when the new season begins and the dance range is at its height.

HOW THEY TREAT WIVES IN AFGHANISTAN.

After having spent eighteen years among the wild tribes of the north-west frontier of India, Dr. Theodore F. Pennell, medical missionary, of the Church Missionary Society, has just arrived in London on a brief visit. The following are some of his remarkable experiences which he related in an interview:

"On the Afghan frontier a husband is very jealous of his wife's honor," he said, "and if he has a suspicion that anything is wrong he just cuts off her nose. Some time ago a husband who had shown his displeasure in this barbaric manner brought his wife to our hospital at Banna, and said he was very sorry. There was a very little of the nose left and there was therefore nothing that we could do."

"I told him that if he would pay the money we could get his wife an artificial nose from England. He asked how much it would cost, and said \$10. He began to hesitate, and I asked him the reason. 'Well,' he said, 'I could get another wife for \$38.' Eventually he agreed to buy the nose and his old wife was patched up."

Dr. Pennell gave another illustration of matrimonial jealousy. "One day," he said, "an Afghan chief had been across the border and saw his wife speaking to a man over the wall in his compound. He at once drew his sword, cut off his wife's head and threw it at the man, saying, 'If you want to speak to her now, you can.'"

"Many of the patients at the hospital are the victims of frontier rows. One man who was admitted there for treatment had been shot by his uncle. The bullet had gone through his lung, and he was brought in there seemed to be no hope of recovery. However, by dint of careful nursing they pulled him through. "When he was convalescent," said Dr. Pennell, "he called

me one day to his bedside and explained that he had a petition to make. I asked him what it was. He said "O, Sahib, I want you to give me some cartridges, for (pointing to his chest) I have this score to pay off." I said "I am very sorry to hear that. We have had a difficult task to cure you, and now very shortly we will have the same trouble with your uncle." He said, "Oh, no, you need not be afraid of that, Sahib, I am a better shot than he is." We did not get the uncle in and we heard eventually that he had killed him."

KING EDWARD AND KING ARTHUR

"Perhaps the most dramatic incident of the chapel ceremony," says the report of the funeral of King Edward VII., in St. George's Chapel, "was the farrow procession past the open grave. The German Kaiser, grim and stern, with grey face, bent his knee at the tomb of his uncle. One after another the Sovereigns of Europe paused beside the opening in the chapel floor through which the coffin had been silently lowered a few minutes before, and made a low bow in the presence of the dead." The scene, intensely Royal, but also intensely human, recalls to a contemporary the traditional visit of King Henry II. and his nobles to the tomb of King Arthur in Glastonbury Abbey, as told in Aubrey de Vere's spirited ballad:

Forth went the King with all his train
At the mid hour of night,
They paced in pairs the silent plain
Under the red starlight;
The moon was sinking in her wane,
The tower yet glimmered bright.

Through Glastonbury's cloister dim
The midnight winds were sighing,
Chanting a low funeral hymn
For those in silence lying.
Death's gentle flock mid shadows grim
Fast bound and unreplying.

Hard by the monks their mass were saying;
The organ, evermore
Its wave in alternation swaying,
On that smooth swell upbore
The voice of their melodious praying
Towards heaven's eternal shore.

Erelong a princely multitude
Moved on through arches grey
Which yet, though shattered, stand
Where stood—
God grant they stand for aye!—
Saint Joseph's church of woeen wood
On England's baptism day.

The grave they found; their swift strokes fell,
Piercing dull earth and stone,
They reached ere long an oaken cell
And cross of oak, whereon
Was graven, "Here sleeps King Arthur
—well—
In the Isle of Avalon."

The mail on every knightly breast,
The steel at each man's side,
Sent forth a sudden gleam; each crest
Bowed low in its plumed pride;
Down o'er the coffin stopped a priest—
But first the monarch cried:

"Great king! in youth I made a vow
Earth's mightiest son to greet,
His hand to worship, on his brow
To gaze, his grace entreat.
Therefore, though dead, till noontide
Shalt thou my royal seat!"
Away the massive lid they rolled—



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"Alas! what found they there?
No kingly brow, no shapely mould,
But dust where such things were;
Ashes o'er ashes, fold on fold,
And one bright wreath of hair."

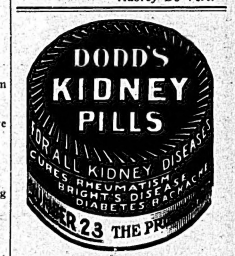
Genevra's hair! like gold it lay;
For Time, though stern is just,
And humbler things dead fast his way.
And Death reveres his trust.
They touched that wreath; it sank away.

From sunshine into dust!
Then Henry lifted from his head
The Conqueror's iron crown;
That crown upon that dust he laid,
And knelt in reverence down,
And raised both hands to heaven, and said,

"Thou God art King alone!
"Lie there, my crown, since God decrees
This head a couch as low.

What am I better now than these
Six hundred years ago?
Henceforth all mortal pageantries
I count an idle show.
Such words King Henry spake and ere

The cloistral vaults had felt
Along their arches damp and bare
The last faint echo melt,
The nobles congregated there.
On the cold pavement knelt:
And each his coronet down laid
And Christ his King adored
And murmured in that mournful shade
"Thou God alone art Lord!
Like yonder hair at last shall fade
Each sceptre, crown, and sword."
—Aubrey De Vere.



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THE GOD OF THE USED-TO-BE.

F. Beecher Edwards.
Rock strewn and hard is the Northern Trail,
Weary and friendless and cold—
Many the feet tread the Northern Trail
Drawn by the lure of Gold.
Here from the homes of the winds they come,
From the furthestmost shores of the sea,
And happy is he who can talk with the God
Of Things as They Used to Be.
Night is the grave in the Northern

Land,
When the wind in the stunted trees
Tells of the scythe in the Reaper's hands,
Mutter of sin's sure fees.
And here, by the camp fire's eerie gleam
With the distant stars as key,
Is unlocked the bounteous store of the God
Of Things as They Used to Be.
A friendlier moon in a happier sky
A canoe on a peaceful stream
The pine-tossed breeze bears a night-bird's cry

O'er a long lost summer's dream,
And the lustful Now must release its grip
To the thought of the peaceful Then
Which the kindly God of the Used-to-be
Vouchsafes to trail-weary men.

There's a cottage set in a distant land
At the end of a silent street,
Where the loving care of a mother's hand
Gave guidance to tiny feet.
This is the greatest of all his gifts
And legions who wearily roam
Give thanks to the God of the Used to Be
For the one best dream of Home.

Trampled and hard is the Northern Trail,
Weary and friendless and cold;
Dead men's bones bleach the Northern Trail,
Where Youth in a day grows Old;
But nightly the Lord of the Universe wide
Creator of land and sea,
Is blessed by ten thousands whose drooping souls
Have revived in the Used to Be.



"Look here, waiter, there's a worm in this salad!"
"That astonishes me, sir," the waiter answered. "It's only just removed from it, sir."—Washington Star.

WITH THE INVESTORS

Mr. Alex. Laird, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who has just completed a tour of inspection of the western provinces, has made the interesting statement that after his observations throughout the West he can see no breakers ahead.

The sum of industry is heard throughout the land," he said, "and will strike a still higher note during the next few years. The marvellous development going on in Western Canada has reacted on the Eastern provinces, whose factories are overwhelmed with orders."

Canada, in the opinion of Mr. Laird, is making progress at a rate that can best be appreciated by bankers and financiers. Millions of dollars, a large portion of which represents foreign capital, is being invested in thousands of enterprises. Not a day passes that our bank does not receive scores of inquiries from prospective investors attracted by the possibilities of the Dominion.

The foundation of the prosperity of Canada, he believes, rests in the agricultural development of the Western prairies. The rapid growth of the West is a matter of surprise to the Eastern visitor, and he was informed that every branch of industry throughout the provinces is in a very prosperous condition. The fertile lands, he notes, are being rapidly settled, and great results in general farming, fisheries, fruit-growing, and all lines of trade and commerce presents a rosy aspect.

Winnipeg Town Topics has this to say:

The Edmonton Journal, curiously and innocently, no doubt, at the advance in the price of the Hudson's Bay shares in London to an over-valuation of the land owned by the Hudson's Bay which is situated within the corporate limits of that city. This paper says: "Increase in the value of unsubsided Hudson's Bay lands within the city limits of Edmonton is directly responsible for a jump of 23 points in Hudson's Bay stock on the London market."

It might interest the readers of Town Topics to know how this information was obtained by the "London market."

Says the Journal: "Within the past two months, according to Jefferson Levy, a London capitalist, who is a large holder of Hudson's Bay stock, . . . sent his valuator to Edmonton. Now, what was the result? Says the Edmonton Journal again: 'Mr. Levy claims that the Hudson's Bay lands in the limits of Edmonton are worth \$15,000,000 or more. City Assessor McMillan assesses the lands at less than half that amount and claims that it is worth no more than the figures in his assessment rolls.' But the Journal assumes that the stock of the company jumped from an original value of fifty pounds to one hundred and eight pounds and the last jump of twenty-three points was solely on account of the big valuation placed by Mr. Levy upon the Edmonton land. If this Levy valuation went up the price of Hudson's Bay stock to 108, I wonder what it was that sent the same shares up as high as 129 1/4 in 1906."

Mr. Levy is a good booster. A few years ago he made himself notorious by prophesying that C. P. R. would reach 200. It got well on the way but has not as yet touched that goal. It stands a better chance of getting there today than it ever did. But although the land in Edmonton is a valuable Hudson's Bay asset it would hardly alter the value of the Hudson's Bay shares if the title to it was alienated from the company today. If the company didn't own the land they would have \$50,000 or more every year to add to the \$1,500,000 which is at the disposal of the directors for distribution amongst the shareholders.

Men who know say that the land sales in the west this year have eclipsed those of any year in the past, according to the Winnipeg Free Press. One man who has travelled extensively throughout Saskatchewan and Alberta says that everywhere one goes he hears nothing but land, land, land. In the newer districts the agents are laying in wait for the young men who have just received patents on their homesteads, and these seem eager to dispose of their hard earned holdings to purchase elsewhere. These western provinces are over-run with United States immigrants and others looking for farm lands, and a vast amount of the profits reaped by western farmers on their last year's crops are going into more land. It is said that there are few farmers that are not land hungry. One of the features of this phase of the real estate situation is the manner in which huge blocks of land are being sold, some of it being purchased for investment purposes, and some for agricultural purposes.

During the past two seasons steam plows have come into active use, and all over the west they are using these huge traction engines to break, harrow and seed land. Few people have any conception of how these operations are carried on. It is the general custom to work the tractors 24 hours a day, and every day but Sunday. The men in charge work in three shifts of eight hours each. Great tracts of thousands of acres are thus brought under cultivation.

WEDDINGS AT GREINA GREEN RECALLED.

The romantic days of Greina Green marriages were recalled in the Dublin law court the other day, when a rather amusing narrative was told by a counsel for the administrator of the estate of Catharine Stratford, now dead, in an application for payment to her "next of kin," now alive, of certain dormant funds amounting to \$3,205, which had been paid into court as far back as 1854.

Mr. Pinn, K.C., said the only matter remaining open was as to the rights of the descendant of John P. Leahy, who had married Anne Stratford, sister of Catharine. Anne died and John then married her sister Dorcas at Greina Green in 1854. The certificate of marriage, a curious document, which the Master of the Rolls, who heard the case, said was the first of the kind he had ever seen, was read.

"Kingdom of Scotland, County of Dumfries, Parish of Greina. These are to certify to all whom these presents shall come that John J. Leahy, Esq., from the parish of Faysan, in the county of Westmeath, and Dorcas Stratford, from the parish of Faysan, in the county of Westmeath, now here present and having declared themselves 'single' persons were this day married after the manner of the laws of the Church of England and agreeably to the laws of Scotland, as witness our hands at Greina Hill this 10th day of November, 1854. (Signed) John P. Leahy—Dorcas Stratford."

Then from a manuscript document, counsel was able to narrate the whole history of this romantic marriage and of the sad troubles of the couple after they reached Scottish soil. Crossing from Ireland to Scotland the whole wedding party were most horribly seasick. But their troubles had yet to begin.

"When we had got settled we called in the landlord and ordered dinner, also enquiring about the coach fare to Dumfries."

"Why, sir," said Sweeney, the landlord, "you can have boiled kail and Scotch broth, and collops or ham and chickens, and coach fare to Dumfries is only eight pounds (\$40) more. All very reasonable, your honor."

Here was a fine predicament for the bride couple, the bridegroom having spent most of the contents of his spare purse in crossing from Ireland. But even in that foreign land he had a friend to whom he wrote in his distress:

"Dear Charley—I am just landed, old boy, on business, you know, and am entertained by a Scotch piper—"

"Welcome all to Scotland braw—singing:
Hielan laddie, hielan laddie,
Bony lads and lassies a',
Hielan laddie, hielan laddie,
But I must stop the song, old stick, to inform you that all my cash is seized by these Scotch robbers, and unless you stand by me for twenty pounds to pay the blacksmith I am swept, I am, dear old shiver-the-timber, ever your

RAMBLING JACK."

Describing the negotiations with the blacksmith, the document proceeded: "Today we set out for Greina Green in a postchaise and changing horses at Anan arrived at Greina Hall Inn about two o'clock. We called up the so-distant parson to enquire about particulars, and here another row was kicked up by Bucksheer offering one-third of the parson's demand for marrying Rambling Jack and Dusty (Dorcas, the bride). Words grew high. The Scotchman was mulish and positive and Bucksheer was contentious and obstinate. However, Rambling Jack was resolved to be married at any price, and it was settled by him and Ladies Dusty and Dumfries and agreed to by Bucksheer that the parson should be paid half of his original demand.

"The ceremony was then performed according to the laws of Scotland, so we dined with the parson and took our leave."

A Reflection on Her Product

Mrs. DeVittie—"You don't mean to say that your splendid cook has left you?"

Mrs. Holmes—"Yes; the sensitive thing was offended because the doctor said Mr. Holmes had indigestion."

\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Of Canada

Assurance Co.

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a)	It gained in Assets	\$1,329,088
(b)	Reserve	948,268
(c)	Income	302,571
(d)	Surplus	348,256

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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The above is a fac-simile cable sent to London agent on May 7th, by the Starland Company.

This is an assurance to the public that the funeral ceremonies of our late beloved King, and the accession ceremonies of George V. will be seen, in moving pictures, at Starland here, and in all Starland Theatres throughout Western Canada. Saturday of this week in Edmonton.

Home and Society Calgary.

Mrs. S. J. Caveth has gone to Winnipeg.

Mrs. Glackmeyer and Miss Norris of Quebec, are guests at Braemar Lodge.

Mrs. Geo. S. Dingle and baby daughter left on Friday for Winnipeg for a short visit.

Rev. J. S. Shortt spent a few days at Bow River.

Rev. W. H. Anderson of Bassano

is visiting in the city.

Miss Sara Peterson left Friday for an extended visit to her home in the east.

Dr. Brigante Coloma of Trocher Valley spent Wednesday here.

Mrs. W. J. Miller of Cheshire is visiting here, chief clerk to C. P. R. Sup. Scully of Moose Jaw, is in the city.

Miss E. J. Kelvey is visiting Mrs. R. Stead of High River.

Miss E. Legge of Vancouver is the guest of Mrs. J. Harry Alexander, 1017 Eleventh avenue west.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wilson and family of Winnipeg, spent a day here on their way to Banff.

The O. W. R. Club met at the residence of Mrs. H. C. McMullen this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eager have moved to Winnipeg, where they will reside. Mr. Eager has been appointed superintendent of works for the C. N. R. Before leaving he was presented with a handsome ring by the C. P. R. employees.

The Browning class met in the ladies' parlor of the Central Methodist Church on Monday evening for the study of Rabbi Ben Ezra. It was led by J. Brownlee, B.A.

A joint novelty shower was given on Friday evening by the Central Methodist choir to Miss Ada Golding and Miss M. E. Howson. Many and varied were the gifts received by these popular young ladies. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the choir and an enjoyable time was spent.

The Women's Hospital Aid Society will hold a handkerchief bazaar on June 3rd, at the home of Mrs. Adams, 616 Thirteenth avenue west, from 3 to 6 o'clock. Refreshments will be served during the afternoon.

A hayrack picnic to the industrial school was one of the unique ways in which a number of people spent Empire Day. Those invited were as follows: Misses E. Bailey, E. Sinclair, E. I. Eyles, J. Parker, F. Hale, R. Patterson, A. I. Walters; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Black; Messrs. A. K. Hart, L. C. Wilson, C. Richardson, A. C. Graham and C. H. Russell. Fishing, playing ball and quietly resting under the trees made the day a real holiday to these busy people.

The Daughters of the Empire held their last meeting of the season at the home of Mrs. J. A. Loughheed, Thirteenth avenue west, on Friday afternoon. The hall which was to have taken place on the 24th had to be postponed for six months until November 24th, on account of the King's death. This hall was to have been for the purpose of buying uniforms for the cadets.

The ladies of St. Paul's Church were entertained at the home of Mrs. J. J. Hall last week. Very beautiful bouquets of sweet peas lent their fragrance throughout the reception rooms. Mrs. Gallaher assisted in receiving the numerous guests, all of whom enjoyed a very pleasant social evening. In the tea room Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. Hillocks, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Allot in turn ably presided, while Mrs. A. Reilly and Miss G. Scott de- cidedly mastered the candy counter.

Mrs. E. Roberts of High River is on a visit here.

Miss Gladys Smith of Medicine Hat is visiting friends here.

Rev. R. D. Stamen of Claresholm spent Wednesday in the city.

Charles Mead has just returned from a trip to the home of his parents in England.

Messrs. W. Hyslop and T. Fetterly

of Lethbridge spent Victoria Day here. Mr. M. Ripley and Dr. Stewart of Lethbridge spent a few days here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Millerville are guests at Braemar Lodge.

Mr. Ried of Peterboro and Mr. Oakman of Hastings, Ont., spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tingle of Medicine Hat, are spending a short time with friends here.

F. P. Layton of Camrose returned home today after a short stay here.

Miss Sinclair is spending a few weeks at Lacombe.

Miss Jean Shaw of Regina is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Seimster of Nineteenth avenue west.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Eleventh avenue west, entertained a few friends on Monday evening informally.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Cameron and family visited the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Judd, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Donnelly returned this week after a fortnight's visit at Bird Island in Southern Alta.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl and family of Halifax have come to reside here and have taken up residence on Fourteenth avenue west.

Mrs. Bennoch entertained Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. Comer, Miss Maguire, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Padden, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. C. Campbell, Mrs. Shaver and Miss Lowry on Friday afternoon at an informal tea.

Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, Thirteenth avenue east, entertained the members of the choir of Central Methodist Church in honor of Miss Jarrett whose marriage took place on June 8th.

Mrs. Crawford wore a very handsome champagne silk with yoke and pretty Persian trimming, while the guest of honor also looked lovely in a pale blue silk mull, with touches of cream. The social hour was spent in a series of bright games in which every one entered heartily. During the evening Miss Jarrett was presented with a shower of linen from her lady friends and a number of the latest books from the gentlemen of the choir.

Miss Jones, Mrs. Speer and Mrs. McDonald, all wearing pretty evening gowns, ably assisted the hostess.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from page one)

the occasion and the excuse. The people lost their heads, as the people are liable to do temporarily, and Mr. Foster is frank enough to confess that fear of having been mistaken as to the cause of the Maine disaster has been one of the causes which has delayed the raising of the wreck.

Mr. Foster's deliberate conclusion is that all the foreign wars in which the United States has been engaged have been brought on "by our own precipitate action, that they were not inevitable and that they might have been avoided by the exercise of prudence and conciliation."

His address is a refreshing sign of the times. When nations begin to admit the faults of their own history, there is a chance for the avoidance of similar mistakes of a criminal character in the future.

Votes for Women in Iceland

For thirty years unmarried women and widows over 25 who are householders or self-supporting have had the right to vote for parish and town councils in Iceland. Two years ago all married women on the island were given the right to the municipal franchise and the privilege of sitting in the councils. And now the Icelandic National Women's Suffrage Association, with ten thousand members, is working to obtain full political and civil rights for women on the same terms as men.

If there is a country anywhere in the world in which women ought to have the right to vote—if they want it—that country surely is Iceland. The women there are never idle. They have no time for "society." They assist the men in agricultural work and in fishing. They spin, knit, weave. Besides rearing and educating their children, they find leisure for training the mind, and through education they keep in touch with the best of European literature. There is not an illiterate woman on the whole island. If such women want to vote, it would be difficult to dispute their qualifications.—Boston Globe.

WRINKLES.

I can see Bud Spulpin's finish. Last year he bought a new up-to-date binder, good enough to last him for the next twenty years. The other day a machine agent drove into the yard, put his horse in the stable and fed him oats, and then sat down on the front stoop and smoked a cigar till Bud came in from the fields. Bud told him to hang up his hat and come to dinner, and after the stranger had fed very heartily, and had remarked (formerly) that he had "never at a better cook nor Missus Spulpin," he remarked that Bud wanted a new binder.

"Binder!" says Bud. "Binder-r-r?" squeaks Missus Bud; "why, we got

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RAMSAY'S GREENHOUSES

a new binder last year."

"That's all right," says the smooth visitor, "but this here binder of ours has got a new wrinkle on to it."

"That's why Bud is poor all the time. He falls for a new wrinkle every trip. And every time he gets a new wrinkle his wife gets one too, till her face—poor little body!—it's all out of shape."

In Bud's time he has belonged to half a dozen churches or sects.

He was brought up a strict Presbyterian, but that church isn't partial to new wrinkles, so the first evangelist that came along with a new wrinkle caught Bud on the fly, and that's the way it's been going on ever since.

Bud has absorbed enough patent medicine in his time to float a Dreadnought, and he's just as healthy as you are. He has tried them all; each one of them had a new wrinkle, don't you see? He has bought more wrinkles than would fill a barn, and they are lying all over the house and yard, and there's not an in every fence corner on the place. He certainly is a great man for wrinkles (as we haven't got any more sense than Bud Spulpin).

You can get a hearing anywhere if you walk in and say: "Boss, I've got a new wrinkle," and if you make good you needn't do another tap as long as you live. You don't need to carry your wrinkle to the market; they'll come to you. There are more people hunting wrinkles than red squirrels just now.

We are told that heaven is a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Which means, I take it, that it's a place where there are no wrinkles—no wrinkles of any kind. There is a notice posted on the golden gates: "Leave your wrinkles on the outside."

You can't get in there and try to sell the recording angel a visible typewriter with a whole lot of new wrinkles to it. You'll be turned down. And yet it is a delightful place.

"On my word I think that this old world would be a heaven on earth only for the wrinkles—the new wrinkles. It we stay here long enough we accumulate so many wrinkles that we haven't skin enough to go round, and they have to root on our ears."

—The Khan, in Toronto Star.

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1.47	Airdrie	7.22	
2.10	Crossfield	6.58	
2.38	Carstairs	6.36	
3.20	Didsbury	6.22	
3.46	Olds	6.00	
4.00	Bowden	5.36	
4.50	Innisfail	5.16	
5.45	Lacombe	4.40	
6.20	Ar. Red Deer Lv.	4.30	
7.00	Ponoka	3.47	
7.19	Wetaskiwin	3.09	
7.40	Millar	2.24	
8.15	Leduc	2.03	
	Ar. Strathcona Lv.	1.00	
	Flag stop.		

Note—Northbound train between Calgary and Red Deer will stop at Flag Stops to allow passenger to detrain only. Southbound train between Strathcona and Red Deer will stop at Flag Stops to allow passengers to detrain only.

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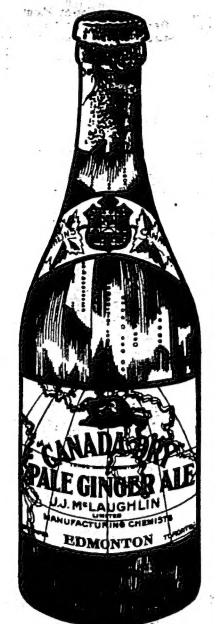
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